

## [Old Time Fiddlers]

American Folk Stuff Dup.

FORM A

STATE: Washington

NAME OF WORKER: Eben H. Drum

ADDRESS: Orchards, Wash., Route #1

DATE: December 23, 1938

SUBJECT: Old Time Fiddlers

1. A. D. Streeter
2. December 21, 1938
3. Informant's shack
4. Myself
5. None
6. Cobwebby one-room shack, rather filthy

American Folk Stuff

FORM B

STATE: Washington

## Library of Congress

NAME OF WORKER: Eben H. Drum

ADDRESS: Orchards, Wash., Route #1

DATE: December 21, 1938

SUBJECT: Old Timer Fiddlers

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT: A. D. Streeter, Orchards, wash., Route #1

1. Unknown
2. Unknown; 1860
3. Unknown
4. Unknown
5. Meager
6. Unknown
7. None
- 8 Very slight
9. Rather dirty in appearance, clothes unkept.
10. None.

Eben H. Drum

Route 1, Orchards, Washington

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"I organized a neighborhood orchestra the year of 1912 in the neighborhood in and about Orchards. We played for most of the community dances for miles about. I had learned to play the fiddle when I was a small boy. In my orchestra was a first fiddle, a second fiddle, a cello, cornet, clarinet, flute and a flageolet. We met about from place to place to play for practice and also had regular meeting night at the town hall. The orchestra got to be mighty popular. We played such popular pieces as 'Devil's Dream,' 'The Girl I left Behind me,' 'Pop-goes-the-weasel' 'Last Rose of Summer,' 'Money Musk' and many more of the popular airs. I made a lot of small booklets so that each member could have one of his own. I drew the whole out by hand using a pen and ink. We know exactly what we were to play and played it. We traveled about the country with a team and hack (two-seated buggy). We not only furnished the music but did the calling, and bossed the floor. We played for dances in Clark County and would be sent for, to play for dances over in Oregon. We were mighty popular musicians and I was out-standing as their leader. There was a rival put in existence in the neighborhood over to the east of us. We were asked to play for a dance right in their neighborhood. One night our boys were playing away and the dancers were hoeing-it-down in a right smart quadrille, when the rival orchestra leader came into the room. He was mad to think our boys had been asked to play over there. He yelled, 'You think you can play, don't you? Get out of here, you damn fiddling cusses.' A free for all fight started right there. One of my boys got a black eye and I got hold of a piece of 2x4 that happened to be handy-and boy, didn't I clean out that mess. I was always pretty good with my fists and two black shiners shiners (eyes) was given that orchestra leader. " That / Orchestra never was any good— two fiddles and a cello were all the instruments they had. They didn't know half the time what they /[?] were playing. The fiddlers most of the time would forget to bring their resin along and how their fiddles would squeak. I remember one night I forgot to bring my resin along and one of the girls was chewing some gum which was some of that stuff maving a resinous base in it. I said, [?] 2 ' Kitty, let me have your gum to grease my fiddle bow with; 'Why yes, Art, sure I will.' And she opened up her face and rolled up her gum between her fingers into a ball and [?] handed it over to me. Well, it did the stuff— I did not forget my resin again. I am a very

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versatile man any way. That's what makes me popular with the boys. Well I saved my orchestra's reputation.

I met-up with that orchestra leader that I gave the pair of shiners shiners to, several months after that fight, and he says: ' Say, Art, I'd rather be kicked by a horse than hit with your fist.' I was always a good figher fighter . Why, even now [?] that I am 78 years old, I command respect from the fellers. During the hunting season this last fall, some smart young cusses was out roaming across my place, hunting. About that time I happened to be trying to shoot a sap-suck (bird) that had been bothering about my roof. I was standing near my door trying to get a bead on that sap-sucker [?] . These smart young fell rs happen to see my old cat, settin' up on a fence post. Now be blamed if they didn't ups with their gun and shot shoot my cat. Well , that made me mad. I yelled at the sneaks and they looked over to - where I was standing and then started to run for the road , and their car which was standing out thar in the road. They got in and started-up their engine and then turned round and laughied laughed at me. Guess they thought I was too old to square myself. Quick as thought I drew up my old gun to my shoulder, took a good aim and let it bang at their hid tire. Well now if that car did not head for the ditch. It did not do the smarties any harm but it did stop their car. They walked back and began cussing me . , / Saying: 'Weld come in and beat you up if you did not have that gun in your hand! I walked over to the step their and laid my gun down and walked down toward the road. Now, gentlemen, come on, all four of you'. Well , they said 'What business had you shooting at my car? [?]' Well lots more business than you had shooting my cat ' . - ' Your old cat wasn't worth a damn. ' - ' Gentlemen[ , that is what you think. I would not have taken \$25.00 for that cat. There is a place down the road where you can get your tire fixed— and remember this, when you come out here hunting again, you leave my cats alone. ' Well, they took off their tire and put on their spare tire, but threatened to send the sheriff out after me from Vancouver. Well, that was several months ago, but they have not caught up with that sheriff yet, I guess , for I have not seen anything of him. I tell you they hated the looks of my fist. Nothing like keepin' physically fit.

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"I remember once, when I was quite a little boy, I was out walkin' with my father 'round Green Mountain over thar. We came to a hole in the side of the mountain and as I was always curious, I said to pa, you wait here, while I see where that hole leads to. Well, I crawles in [?] crawls into it[.?] the The hole ) went straight - down. I went down about a hundred yards or so. It looked pretty dark to me and about this time pa [?] hollered from the out-side, 'Art, you'd better come out of there.' Well, I came out but made up my mind that I'd get brother Bill to come with me some day and we'd go down that cave and may maybe find some hidden Injun treasure. Well, about a week after that, Bill and me [?] started out but we took our trusty old lantern with us. We found the cave and crawled into it. After we got in aways [a#ways?] the cave got bigger. We lit our lantern and wandered along for a distance of what seemed to me a mile or more. We came upon a heap of bones, which looked like animals bones. Bill and I thought this may have been the home of some cougers cougars that had carried in their prey to eat it. Well, we were kind of [scar?] scared and decided to get out of that thar cave. The cave went straight in, so there was no chance to get lost. We had no trouble getting out.

"We decided to come back some tother other time and go to the end of that cave. Well, about a month later, we went back. But some rock disturbance must have taken place. We hunted for several hours for the opening. But all we could find was a place where it looked like the earth had sunken in. We were mighty glad it did not happen while we were in that cave."